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THE *Gal & L*  
LAMENTATION  
OF  
The lost Sheepe.

By G. E.



LONDON,  
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THE  
LAMENTATION  
OF  
The lost Sheep.

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LONDON:  
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in Bishopsgate Street.



Ibi res hu-  
manæ nunquā prof-  
pere succedunt, vbi  
negliguntur  
Diuinæ.



THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON



THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
LONDON



Si Christum  
discis, Nihil est si cæ-  
tera nescis: si Christū  
nescis Nihil est, si  
cætera discis.



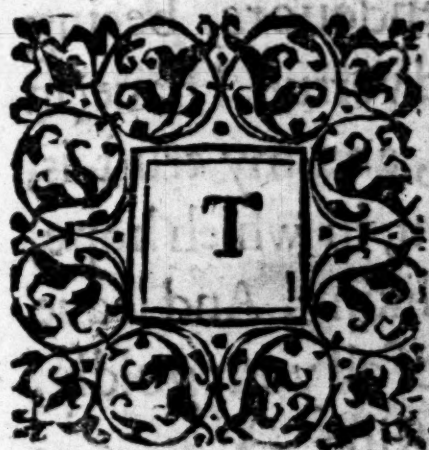




# TO THE RIGHT vvorshipful sir Francis

*Castillion Knight, a Gentleman*

Pentioner vnto his Maiesty.



HE mightie Emperour *Aurelius* beeing demaunded what shoulde becom of a certaine stranger, that audatiousslie entred his *Pauilion*, he answered with words deseruing immortal memorie :

*If he come in loue let him liue, if otherwise, let him beare the price of his presumption.* Wherefore though imboldned by a general report of your respectiue fauours to men any waies well quallited, I haue vnacquainted, boldly presumed to present this little Booke vnto your worships good acceptance: yet my meaning pretending a loue and dutious well wishing, And the Subiect preferring

# The Epistle.

no idle or vnprofitable substance, J hope, you will  
(with *Aurelius*) kindly regard the one, and fauorably  
censure of the other : for heerein J do but imytate the  
prescriptions of all former writers, who from time to  
time haue as well selected strangers, as those of their  
acquaintance to patronize their endeuors, beeing  
knowne to be louers of learning and vertue. I haue (in  
the like) heeretofore pleased many, and my trust is,  
J shall not now (in this) displease you, in which hope,  
J tender my labors to your good liking, And leaue  
your worship to the happy fruition of all your goldly,  
and hopefull expectations. Euer resting

At your commaundement in all  
humble duty.

G. Ellis,





upon his Name.

T riumphant *Fame*, like to our *Saviours* starre,  
O nly to point where complet *vertues* are,  
T owers aloft vnto the Azured skie,  
H ere in this Clime with greatest Maiestie,  
E uer beholding, as she soares aloft,  
R ight vertue plast in *Castillions* thought,  
I, thers the *Knight*, still honor'd may he be,  
G raft by our *King*, lou'd in his Cuntry,  
H olinesse it selfe like lightnings flame,  
T race still his steps vnto immortall fame,  
W orthlesse is this poore modren *Muse* of mine,  
O ne note to sing, whose descant keepes no time,  
R ich is my will, but poore my power is,  
S ing then sweet *Angels* and you *Saints* of blisse,  
H elpe me to end, what I haue heere begun,  
I I, help by inuocating may be wonne,  
P oure downe the vigor of your liuing praise,  
F om sable thoughts my humble *Spirit* to raise  
V nto the cristall skie with diamond pure,  
L et me there write his Name for to indure,  
L ike bright *Astreas* golden helme to shine,  
S uch is his worth, nay, bee's more diuine,  
I n the worlds last age there shall still remaine,  
R ecords on him of euerlasting *Fame*,

## upon his Name.

Faire fortune graunt thou euer be his guide,  
R euently kneeling by his worthy side,  
A nd worship thou his vertuous conuersation,  
N o *Man* whereof can giue dew estimation,  
C ome *Clio* come, bring forth thy golden pen,  
I f praise immortall thou canst giue to men,  
S ee, see, *Mecænas* in this Knight suruiues,  
C ome all you *Muses* that sweet verse contriues,  
A nd spend the vigor of eternall spirits,  
S weetly emblasing *Castillions* meritts,  
T hat when pale death of course shall claime his due,  
I nspight of death his daies may still renew,  
L et not defart, and vertue shining faire,  
L iue in obliuion, base and deepe dispaire,  
I f you'le but write what all the world importunes,  
O r sing sweet *Laies* of him, and his good fortunes,  
N o *Saint* of blisse or *Angell* bright but will  
K eepe consort true vnto your *Poem* still,  
N ay *Ioue* himselfe for all such *Knights* as he,  
I n heauens faire quire assures them place to be,  
G o worthlesse lines fall prostrate at his feete,  
H umbly intreat a pardon for thee meete,  
T hat he vouchsafe of thee and thy *Lost-Sheepe*.



# The lost Sheepe.

1



**A** *Boue* the Clouds, where spangled troops of stars  
Adorne the pretious bosome of the skie,  
where heauenly peace abandons breaking iars,  
from whence sweet comfort comes in miserie:  
and all the Consort that is tun'de on high.  
Send forth their delicate melodious sound,  
That make those christal vaults with ioy rebound

2

Within the bright Imperiall Orbe of rest,  
Where soules of Saints on golden Altars set,  
and in the Lambs sweet breath are onlie blest,  
where thousand graces, Millions more beget;  
Where daies bright shine suffers no sunne to set.  
There **M E R C I E** is inthron'de in blessed chaire,  
Most gorgeous in attire, most heauenlic faire.

B 3

About

# The lost Sheepe.

3

About her head the swift-wing'd **C H E R V B I N S**  
Houer their siluer pinions in her eies,  
And the sweet *Spheares* with glorions **S E R A P H I N S**,  
Vpon her shining brow with blisse arise,  
And those bright beames that decke the christal skies:  
No stormy cloude can vaile her beautious face,  
Because there burnes the holy **L A M P E** of grace.

4

**T R V T H** richly cloath'd in milk-white ornament,  
Stands at the right hand of this happy Saint,  
From whom the words of righteousnesse are sent,  
Whose worth, no wit: whose will, no pen can paint:  
But as the daughter to the highest power  
She sits defended in a strong-built Tower.

Oh



# The lost Sheepe.

5

Oh thou, that art both M E R C I E and T R V T H S-self,  
On whom all grace and goodnesse doth attend,  
Thou that dost feede thy seruants with such wealth,  
As may them from the Tyrants iawes defend,  
(So they but on thy sacred state depend)

With thy deare M E R C I E saue me, saue thy son,  
Who melts with griefe for what he hath misdone.

6

And may my foule (oh maker) speake with zeale,  
I stand in danger of a deadly wound,  
Vnlesse thy M E R C I E me in time do heale,  
The Dragon spues forth poyson on the ground.  
Preserue me (Lord) thy sauing health reueale :

So tongue, so pen, so hart, shal for the same,  
Speak, write, sing, laud and praise vnto thy name.

That

# The lost Sheepe.

7

That Name, which *Moses* on his forehead bare,  
I in my hart will worship and adore:  
That Name, which *Iews* to name did sildom dare,  
May I presume for mercie to implore?  
That Name, which *Solomon* vpon his breast  
In his Diuine PENTACVLVM, did weare;  
That Name I le loue, I le reuerence, and feare.

8

That Name, which *Aron* wore vpon his head,  
Fixt to his holy Myter, made of gold;  
that Name, which *ANGELS* laud, and *Furies* dread,  
Whose praise, no tongue can worthilie vnfold:  
that Name, which kils the quick, & quicks the dead;  
that Name, which flesh is too vnpure to name,  
My sinfull soule with sacred zeale inflame.

By



# The lost Sheepe.

9

By that sweet Name, which Name we inuocate,  
When fable sadnesse doth oppresse the hart:  
For whose deere sake, our still-declining state  
Findes comfort in the midst of sorrowes smart,  
I pray in my lament thou act a part.  
Restore me, that in sinfull waies am tost, **lost**  
And (SHEPHEARD) saue thy sheepe that's almost

10

ô I E S V S at whose sacred birth a Starre,  
Was the true figure of eternall life:  
Thou art all peace, by thee surceaseth warre:  
Thy births beginning ended mortall strife,  
Thou didst bring glad some harts in steade of iarres.  
O let thy M E R C I E guide my wandring soule,  
And with thy grace, my gracelesse waies controule.

C

Oh

# The lost Sheepe.

I I

Oh light of heauen thou wast extinkt on earth,  
Yet to our foules celestiall life dost giue,  
Thy death our life, thy rising our new birth,  
Thou with thy heuenly blessings dost relieue :  
Thou three daies dead, didst make vs euer liue.  
Thou at whose death obscur'd was th'earth and skie  
Reduce me to the right, that runne awry.

I 2

Fountaine of grace, from whom doth onely runne,  
Water of life, to saue our souls from death,  
Oh fauour of the world, pure VIRGINS Sonne,  
That in red earth infus'd first vitall breath,  
Ioyning thy god-head with humanity:  
Oh thou whose name was cald EMANVELL,  
My sin-staind soule from danger saue of hell.

Oh



# The lost Sheepe.

13

Oh womans seede that didst from God proceed,  
By prophets said to breake the serpents head,  
Thou, that in grace and vertue doost exceed,  
Content to die that thou mightst quicken dead,  
Thou, that ore death the victory didst get:  
And that didst raise the dead men from the Tombe,  
Oh help thy seruant, raise thy falling Sonne.

14

Ancient of daies, and yet still yong in yeares,  
Oh God on earth: oh man, yet most diuine,  
Poore in this world, the chiefe of heauenly peeres,  
Whose glory in th'infernall pit did shine, (sing,  
Oh thou whose praise both SAINTS and ANGELS  
Stay my sin-following steps from deaths dread hãds,  
That threats as many sorrowes as are sands.

C 2

Oh

# The lost Sheepe.

15

Oh God of times, and yet in time a man,  
Before all times, thy time of being was,  
And yet in time, thy humaine birth began,  
Least we should fade vntimely like the grasse,  
Thou that hast said, thy word shall neuer passe:  
And thou that doost al times begin and end,  
Vouchsafe thy comfort to my sad-soule send.

16

I come in cloudes of griefe, with pensiue soule,  
Sending forth vapours, of black discontent:  
To fill the concaue cirkle of the Pole,  
And with my teares bedew each continent,  
For straying from the fold of sweet content.  
Thou art all MER CIE, from thy MER CIE S throne,  
Make me in number, one amongst thine owne.

J



# The lost Sheepe.

17

J bring a hart wherein all woes are closed,  
Mingled with teares, distild from weeping eies,  
And not so much as hope for me repos'd,  
Is left behind, but quite from me it flies,  
Vnlesse thy fauour please to temporize:  
For which I beg, for which J waile and mone,  
That thou redeeme me that am almost gone.

18

Like N I O B E, that till death euer mourn'd,  
For her deere childrens losse, whom P H E B V S slew,  
And to a fencelesse stone at last was turn'd,  
That in her life did most extreamely rue,  
And with one grieve another did persue:  
So will I turne my ioyes to bitter gall,  
And sighes to teares (so thou be pleas'd withall)

C 3

Thou

# The lost Sheepe.

19

Thou deepest searcher of each secret thought,  
Infuse in me thy all affecting grace;  
So shall my workes to good effectes be brought,  
While I peruse my vgly sinnes a space,  
Which (I confesse) in me hath tane deepe place,  
Whose staining filth so spotted hath my soule,  
As nought will wath, but teares of inward dole.

20

But wo it is to see fond worldlings vse,  
Who most delight in things that vniust be,  
And (without feare) worke vertues foule abuse,  
Scorning foules rest and all true pietie,  
Following (with hot pursute) iniquitie,  
As if they made account neuer to part  
From this fraile life, this pilgrimage of smart.

Such



# The lost Sheepe.

21

Such was the nature of our foolish kind,  
When practis'd sin hath taken deep-set roote,  
The way to pennance due is hard to finde,  
REPENTANCE, held a thing of little boote,  
Such is the foule corruption of mans minde,  
That contrite teares, soules health, and Angels ioy,  
Men now account, a meere fantasticke toye.

22

Ill working Vse, deuourer of all grace,  
The fretting moth, that wasteth soules chiefe blisse,  
The sly close theefe, that lurkes in euery place,  
Filching by peece-meale, till the whole be his,  
Teaching corrupted minds to do amisse;  
How many are deceiued by this bait,  
T'account their sins as trifles of no waight?

Oh

# The lost Sheepe.

19

Oh cursed C v s t o m e, causing my schiefe still,  
Too long thy craft my fences hath misse-led,  
Too long I haue bin thrall vnto thy will,  
Too long I haue bin Luld in pleasures bed,  
Too long my soule on bitter sweets hath fed;  
That sursetting with thy hell-poysoned cates,  
I now repent faire vertues former hate.

20

And humbly come with sorrow-rented hart,  
With blubered eies, and hands vpreard to heauen,  
To play a poore lamenting L O S T S H E E P E s parte,  
That would weepe streames of bloud to be forgiuen.  
So that heauens ioyes may not from me be-reauen.  
But (oh) I feare, mine eies are draind so drie  
That though I would, inough I cannot cry.

If



# The lost Sheepe.

25

If any eie therefore can spare a teare,  
To fill the well-springs that must wet my cheekes,  
Oh let that eie to this sad feast draw neere,  
Refuse me not my humble soule be-seekes,  
With weeping mones helpe me to fill the aire:  
For all the teares mine eies haue euer wept,  
Were now too little had they all bin kept.

26

I see my sinnes arraign'd before my face,  
I see theyr number passe the motes in sunne:  
I see that my continuance in this place  
Cannot be long: for since my life begunne,  
All I haue said, all that I haue misdone,  
I see the IVDGE before my face hath laide,  
At whose sterne lookes, all creatures are afraid.

D

IF

# The lost Sheepe.

27

If he be iust my soule condemned is,  
And iust he is. What then may be expected ?  
But banishment from euerlasting blisse,  
To liue like curst CAIN, base, vile, abiected,  
And from the flocke of Gods deare fold reiected ?  
He in his rage his brothers bloud did spill :  
I (more vnkind) mine own soules life do kil.

28

Oh could mine eies send trickling teares amain,  
Neuer to cease till my eternall night,  
Til this eie-flood thy mercies might obtaine,  
Whom my defaults hath banisht from thy sight,  
(sending forth sighes of true repenting sprite)  
Then could I blesse my happie time of crying :  
But (ah) too soone my barren springs are dying.  
Thrice



# The lost Sheepe.

29

Thrice happie sinner was that blessed Saint,  
Who though he fell with puffle of womans blast,  
Went forth and wept with many a bitter plaint,  
And by his teares; obtain'd grace at the last:  
For in his weeping teares he did not faint.

J, hauing lost my selfe of mine accord,  
Haue faine ten thousand times from my deer Lord.

30

Yet cannot straine one true repentant teare,  
To gaine the blisse from which my soule is banisht:  
My flinty hart such sorrowing doth forbear,  
And from my sence all true remorse is vanisht,  
So haue my follies led me without feare,  
That hart and sence are cloyd with dregs of sin,  
And ther's no place for grace to enter in.

D 2

No

# The lost Sheepe.

3 1

No place (deare Lord) vnlesse thy goodnesse please  
To pittie him that worst deserues of any,  
And in thy tender mercy graunt him ease,  
As thou tofore hath mercy shew'd to many,  
With th'oile of grace curing their foule disease:

Yet none of those do equall me in sinne,  
How may I hope thy M E R C I E then to winne?

3 2

The traitor J V D A S, heire-borne to Perdition,  
Who for a trifle did his Lord betray,  
In equall doome deserueth more remission,  
Then my defaults can challenge any waie,  
That thus haue lost my selfe and runne astray:

He sold him once: that once for gaine was done,  
I often times; yet lesse then nothing wonne.

The



# The lost Sheepe.

33

The bloody-minded Iewes, in fury mad,  
Vntill on thee (deere Lord) their rage was fed,  
In their fell anger more compassion had,  
And lesse in selfe destruction surfetted  
Then I, for whom thy harmelesse blood was shed:  
Their hellish spight within a day was past,  
My sinfull fit doth all my life time last.

34

For euery stripe from them my Lord did take,  
A thousand deadly sinnes I haue committed,  
And euery sinne as deepe a wound did make,  
As did the cords wherwith my CHRIST was whipped  
For straying from him, now my soule is nipped.  
Oh hatefull caytife, PARRICIDE most vile,  
Thus with my sinne his pure blood to defile.

Oh

# The lost Sheepe.

35

Oh sinne, first parent of mans euer-woe,  
The distance long, that seuers hell and heauen,  
Sences confounder, Soules chiefe overthrow,  
Grafted by Men, not by the Grafter giuen,  
against true blisse, a secret-working foe:  
Consuming CANKER, wasting soules chiefe treasure,  
Only to gaine a little trifling pleasure.

36

Happie were Man, if sinne had neuer bin;  
Thrice happie now, if sinne he would forsake,  
But happier farre, if for his wicked sinne  
He would repent, and hartie sorrow make,  
And for his comfort, true CONTRITION take:  
Leauing this drosse, and filthy delectation,  
To gaine in heauen, a lasting habitation.

There



# The lost Sheepe.

37



There is the place wherein all sorrowes die,  
Where ioy exceeds all ioyes that euer were;  
Where ANGELS make continuall harmonic,  
The mind set free from care, distrust, and feare:  
Where vertu's crowned with eternall glorie.  
There all receiue like ioyfull Contentation,  
Happied by that most heauenly contemplation.

38

Now do I see the chaunge we make for sinne:  
In stead of Heauen, Hell is become our lot;  
For blessed Saints, we damned fiendes do winne;  
For rest and freedome, lasting bondage got.  
Such paiment, and such Interest is sinnes thot.  
For ioy, content, eternall loue, and peace;  
Griefe, despaire, hate, and iars that neuer cease.

The

# The lost Sheepe.

39

The worne of **C**ONTIENCE still attendeth on me,  
Telling each houre, each instant I shall die,  
And that my sinnes cannot be parted from me,  
But where I am, thither they likewise fly,  
Working my soules heart-breaking miserie,  
Vrging this stil, that death I haue deserued,  
Because I fled from him I shoulde haue serued.

40

What greater sinne can touch a humane heart?  
What hellish **F**VRIE can be worse tormented?  
What sinner liues, that feeleth not a part  
Of that sharpe plague, vnlesse he haue repented,  
And with remorsefull tears sinnes scourge preuented?  
And yet I find **R**EPENTANCE is but vaine,  
Without full purpose not to sinne againe.

And



# The lost Sheepe.

41

And ist not then follies contagious error,  
To couet that, which brings with it contempt,  
And make vs liue in feare, distrust and terrour  
Hating at last the thing we did attempt,  
Pursuing still our courses with black horreur:  
For neuer sin did yet so pleasing tast,  
But lustfull flesh did loath it, when twas past.

42

Witnesse my wofull soule, which well can tell,  
In highest top of sins most fresh delight  
Although my frailtie suffred me to dwell,  
Yet being past, I loath'd it with despight,  
And then (methought) it seem'd a second hell:  
Yet like the SWINE, I see mine owne desire,  
That being cleane, do couet still the mire.

E

So

# The lost Sheepe.

43

So greedy is mans beastly appetite,  
To follow after dunghill pleasures still,  
And feede on carrion, like the rauening Kite,  
Not caring what his hungry maw doth fill,  
So he may please his fond affecting will:  
He worketh still, a selfe-conceit effect,  
Without constraint, controulement, or respect.

44

Oh, why should man, that bears the stamp of heauen,  
So much abase heauens holy will and pleasure?  
Or why was sence and reason to him giuen,  
That in his sinne cannot containe a measure?  
But still neglect his soules celestiall treasure:  
He knowes he must account for euery sinne,  
And yet committeth sinnes that countlesse bin.

This



# The lost Sheepe.

45

This to peruse (deare God) doth kill my soule;  
But that thy M E R C I E quickneth it againe;  
Oh heare me (Lord) in bitternesse of dole,  
That of my finnes do prostrate heere complaine,  
And for the same poure forth my teares anaine.  
And at thy feete with M A R I E knock for grace,  
Though wanting M A R I E steares to wet my face.

46

She happy sinner saw her life misse-led,  
At sight whereof, her inward hart did bleede:  
To witnesse with her, outward teares were shed,  
Oh blessed S A I N T, and oh most blessed deed:  
(For on the teares of sinners A N G E L S feede)  
But wretched I, that see more finnes then shee,  
Nor grieve within, nor yet weepe outwardly.

E 2

When

# The lost Sheepe.

47

When she had lost thy presence but one day,  
The want was such, her hart could not sustaine,  
But to thy TOMBE, alone she tooke her waie,  
And there with mournfull sighes she did complaine,  
And downe her face teares trickled like the raine:

Nor from her sence once stir'd or mou'd was she,  
Vntill againe she got a sight of thee.

48

But I haue lost thy presence all my daies,  
And still am slacke to seek thee as I should,  
My wtetched soule in wicked sinne so stayer,  
I am vnmeet to seeke thee, though I would,  
I haue so strayed from thee in by-waies:

Yet if I could with teares thy comming tend,  
I know, I should (as she) finde thee my friend.

Tears



# The lost Sheepe.

49

Teares are the key, that ope the way to blisse,  
The holy water, quenching heauens quick fire :  
Th' atonement true twixt God and our amisse,  
The ANGELS drinke, the blessed SAINTS desire :  
(Happie is he that sings in this sweet quier)  
The ioy of thee (OH CHRIST) the balme of smart,  
The spring of life, ease to a griued heart.

50

The second king of ISRAELL by succession,  
When with VRIAHs wife he had offended,  
In bitter teares bewailde his great transgression,  
And by his teares found grace and so repented,  
For at the same almighty God relented.

He night and daie in weeping did remaine,  
I, night nor daie, to shed one teare take paine.

E 3

And

# The lost Sheepe.

51

And yet my sinnes in greatnesse and in number,  
Far his exceed. How comes it then to passe,  
That my REPENTANCE should so far be vnder,  
And graces force (deare God) is as it was?  
Why is CONTRITION now so far asunder?

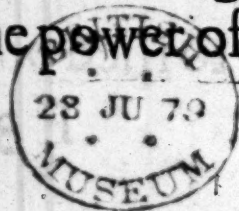
Truth is; that I, although I haue more need,  
Do not as he, so truly weepe indeed.

52

Oh, wherefore is my steellie hart so hard?  
Why am I made of mettall vnrelenting?  
why is all ghostlie comfort from me bard?  
Or to what end doe I refer repenting?  
Why am I not of after-claps asfeard?

Can lustfull flesh, or flattring world perswade me,  
That I can scape the power of him that made me?

No,





# The lost Sheepe.

53

No, no, the secret searcher of all harts,  
Both sees and knowes the deeds that I haue done,  
And for each deede will pay me home with smart,  
No shew can shaddow what I haue misdona;  
No place can serue his will decreed to shunne:  
I should deceiue my selfe, to thinke that he  
For sinne would punish others, and not me.

54

Our first-borne Sire, first breeder of mans thrall,  
For one bare sin, was of perfection rest,  
and all mankinde was banisht by his fall  
From PARADICE, and vnto sorrowe left,  
and former comfort was from him bereft.  
If he for one, and all for him feeles paine,  
Then for so many, What shall I sustaine?

The

# The lost Sheepe.

55

The ANGELS, made t'attend on God in glory:  
Were thrust from heauen, and, onely for one sinne,  
That but in thought (for so records the story)  
For which they still in lasting darkenesse bin,  
And cannot sunnes bright shining comfort win.  
If these once glorious thus tormented be,  
I poore LOST SHEEPE, what wil become of me.

56

What will become of me, that not in thought,  
In thought alone, but in each word and deede,  
A thousand, thousand, deadly finnes haue wrought,  
and still do worke, whereat my hart doth bleed;  
Being by sinne out of the right way led?  
Which makes me thus bewaile, lament, and grieue,  
For griefe, and sorrow, must my cares relieue.  
Now



# The lost Sheepe.

57

Now doe I curſſe the time, I euer went  
In ſinnes black path, that leadeh to damnation:  
Now do I hate the houres I haue miſpent  
In idle vice, neglecting ſoules SALVATION,  
Now do I griene I loſt that was but lent.  
And to redeeme the time I haue miſſe-worne;  
I wiſh this houre I were againe new borne.

58

But vaine it is, as faith the wiſeſt man,  
To call againe the day that once is paſt.  
Oh! let me ſee what beſt is for me than,  
To gaine thy fauour whiſt my life doth laſt,  
(For worldlings fauours are but as a blaſt)  
That in the next, I may but worthy be,  
Euen in the meaneſt place to waite on thee.

F

I

# The lost Sheepe.

59

I do as did the prodigall sonne sometimes,  
Vpon my knees with hartty true CONTRITION  
And weeping eies confesse my former crime,  
Not hiding any wilfull finnes transgression,  
But humbly beg, vpon my lowe submission,  
That thou wilt not of former faults detect me,  
But like a louing father now respect me.

60

And thus will I in sorrow spend my breath,  
And spot my face with neuer-dying teares,  
Till aged wrinckles MESSENGERS of death,  
Haue purchast mercy, and remoued feares,  
And brought true hope in stead of false despair.  
And then the world within my lookes shall read  
The pittious wrack vnbridled sinne hath bred.  
Oh



# The lost Sheepe.

61

Oh that I were remou'd to some close caue,  
Where all alone, retired from delight,  
I might my fighes and teares vntroubled haue,  
And neuer come in wretched worldlings fight,  
In whose ill deeds misfortune workes despight.

Whose ill bewitching company still brings,  
deep prouocation, whence great DANGER springs.

62

Jll COMPANIE, the cause of many woes,  
The sugered baite, that hideth poysoned hooke,  
The rock vnseene, that ship-wrackt foules ore-throwes  
The weeping CROCODILE, that kils with look,  
The Siren, that can neuer vertue brooke;  
The readiest step to ruine and decay,  
Graces confounder, and hels neereft waic.

F 2

How

# The lost Sheepe.

63

How many soules do perish by thy guile?  
How many men doe without feare frequent  
Thy deadly haunts? where they in pleasure smile,  
Taking no care such danger to preuent,  
Nor sorrowing for their youthfull time mispent:  
But liue like BELIALS; sencelesse and vnta'md,  
Not looking for their faults they shall be blam'd.

64

Alasse, alasse, too wretched do we liue,  
That carelesly do worke our owne confusion,  
And to our willes such liberty doe giue:  
Aye me, It is the diuels meer illusions,  
Who spareth not to practise lewd conclusions;  
To flatter vs with such SENCE-pleasing traines,  
That he thereby may take vs in his chaines.

This



# The lost Sheepe.

65

This well fore-saw good men of ancient time,  
Which made them shun th'occasions of foule sinne;  
Knowing it was the nurse of euery crime,  
And SIREN-like would traine fond worldlings in;  
And neuer cease vntill their soules they win.  
Aluring them with shew of musickes sound,  
Vntill on sins deepe gulfe their soules were drownd.

66

But better tis belecue me in my triall,  
To shun such hell-hounds Factors of the diuell,  
And giue them leaue to grudge at your deniall,  
Then to pertake with such in sinne and euill,  
Treading the open way that leads to hell:  
For, if that God in iustice then should stay vs  
From hell and horror who (alas) could stay vs.

F3

Good

# The lost Sheepe.

67

Good God: the iust (as he himselfe hath spoken)  
Should scarce be saued, oh terror vnremoueable!  
What should they that neuer had a token,  
Or signe of grace (soules comfort most behouable,  
Bringing to good minds Ioyes vnspeakable)  
But gracelesse liu'd, and al good works did hate,  
What hope of them that liue in such a state?

68

Oh who wil giue me teares, that I may waile  
Both nights and daies, the dangers I haue past?  
My soule, my soule tis much for thy auaille,  
That thou art gotten from these straits at last,  
And hast recouered that was almost lost.

Oh ioy, but in thy ioy mixe teares withal,  
That I haue time to say, *Lord, heare me call.*

I



# The lost Sheepe.

69

I seeke not to conccale my deeds misdone,  
That I haue sin'd gainst heauen, I do confesse  
And am vnworthy to be cal'd thy sonne,  
Vnlesse thy mercie make my sinne seeme lesse:  
Though crime be great, Oh let CONTRITION  
Procure a pitti-yeelding swift reliefe,  
That for sinnes past suffer a harts true grieve.

70

Now doe I see, and sighing grieue to see,  
That what we heere possesse is but a blast,  
Nothing's found sure in this mortallity,  
But vertues ship-wracke, and true honors waste,  
Desart is still by harsh repulse disgrast?  
Minds meaning well do tast of misery,  
When harts corrupted are aduanc't on hie.

From  
F4

# The lost Sheepe.

71

From bad to worfe still growes this wicked world,  
Wherefore I thinke that P L A T O E s wondrous yeere,  
(When as the Orbes of heauen shall be reuolu'd,  
To their first course) approacheth very neere;  
The bands of th'element shall be dissolu'd.

And till those daies of consumation come,  
Cares shal make mute, & sorrows make me dumb.

72

V A N I T I E is the mask wherein fond youth  
Doth march and wander to his owne annoy;  
Folly attends as P A G E : but care and wrath  
Are the rewards of soule-feducing ioy.  
This lesson hath experience taught for truth,  
That after wits are bit with many cares,  
And had I wist, is wrapt in sorrowes snares.

From



# The lost Sheepe.

73

From the greene pastures, mounts, and meades;  
And from the cristall current of heauens ioies;  
The wolfe hath cast me, and foule error leades  
My soone-seduced steps to such annoies,  
That where I feede, my staruiug food destroies;  
    Seeke me deere SHEPHERD, else J shall be lost,  
From blessed vales, to thornes and thistles tost.

74

Oh seek me (Christ) as once thy mercie sought  
Downe-falling DAVID from thy mountaine lawes :  
oh seek thine own, thine own whom thou hast bought,  
and keepe me from the Draggons open iawes ;  
Where sinne betraies for euerie slender cause.  
    For from the treasure of thy sacred side,  
    Thou paid'st the ransome of accursed pride.

G

With

# The lost Sheepe.

75

With shame-sick ADAM haue I hid my head,  
Vnparadiz'd, from my ANGELL-like state,  
And from the presence of thy father fled,  
My soule sepultur'd in my bodies hate.  
My heape of sinnes hath bard that blessed gate  
Was op'ned wide, by that deepe fluce was made  
Within that wound, where mercies balm was laid.

76

Paine-pearced Shepheard, master of that fold,  
Old ISRAELL brought into thy spacious field,  
For which thy selfe, thy glorious selfe hath sold,  
Making a dearth such store of MANNA yeeld,  
With which the parcht and desert plaines were filld;  
That where thy lambs from sweet repast were driuē,  
They banquet with celestiall food from heauen.

Thou



# The lost Sheepe.

77

Thou drankest fretting vinegar with gall,  
To make their bitter waters hunny-sweet,  
That spongy moyſture, that in deadly thrall,  
For thy pale lips the ſonnes of men thought meete:  
From ſuch a holy SHEPHEARD who would fleete?  
None but my ſelfe who hauing loſt my marke,  
Wander alone in ſhames diſpiſed darke.

78

Behold my feete intangled in the bryers,  
And enuious brambles teare my fleece away:  
To looſe them (Lord) my gasping ſoule deſires,  
Leaſt to the Rauens I become a praie:  
Such fruit they reape that runne ſo farre aſtraie.  
Then on thy SHOULDERS take me to thy folde,  
The ſheep whō thou haſt bought, and ſathan ſold.

G 2

Fiue

# The lost Sheepe.

79

Fiue tallents didst thou paie, whereon was fram'd  
The seale of death, imprest with crimson bloud;  
Two in thy hands, two in thy feet remainde,  
One in thy side. Those bought that heauenly food,  
That feeds the soule with his eternall good.

Oh bring me then sweet CHRIST, where J may feed  
On that, for which I sigh, and thou didst bleed.

80

So shall J bid adue to deepe dispaire,  
And welcome hearts delight and soules content;  
So shall J put awaie distrust and feares,  
And sing thy praises, till my daies be spent,  
With ioyfull himnes, after a sad lament:

That this may be thy seruant suite doth make,  
thy LOST SHEEP begs, euen for thine own names sake.

No



# The Conclusion.

No far-fetcht storie haue I now brought home,  
Nor taught to speak more language then his mothers  
No long darke P O E M is from darknesse come,  
To light: It's ill to filch from others.

I do lament my wandring deeds misdone,  
From whence alone proceeds my hate-bred sorow,  
which pensiue Muse from pining soul doth borrow,

I sing not I, of wanton-Loue-sick laies,  
Or tickling toies, to feed fantastick eares:  
My M v s e respects no glozing tatling praise,  
A guiltie conscience this sad passion bears:  
My straying from my Lord hath brought these tears  
My sinne-sick soule, with sorrow al besprent,  
Lamenting thus a wretched life mispent.

81

Finis

*Omniem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.*

9-5